ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF Her Most Excellent Majesty, Queen MARY.

By *J. Rawson*, M. A.

-----O Dea certe!

-----Manibus date lilia plenis:
Purpureos spargam flores, animamque Mariæ
His saltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere-------

LONDON,
Printed for *Tho. Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1695.

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LAMENTED
DEATH
OF
Her Most Excellent Majesty,
QUEEN MARY.

By J. Kinglon, M. A.

ON THE

DEATH of the QUEEN.

OH! 'tis too true!---Our Senſes lay amaz'd;
Like men but newly wak'd we wildly gaz'd:
Such ſtrokes of Fate at the firſt proſpect ſeem
Diſorders only of ſome frightful Dream.
'Tis true----the ſighing Nations ſpeak no leſs;
Too true-----the mournful Kingdoms this confeſs.
Their Hands, their Eyes, their every drooping Head,
Too plainly tell---*The Queen, The Queen is Dead!*
She's dead, nor cou'd our vows effectual prove,
Fate had reſolv'd *our Bleſſing* to remove.
Cou'd Prayr's, cou'd thouſand Hecatombs attone
Never *Maria*, hadſt thou from us gone.
Heaven was ungentle, Fate was too ſevere,
To a whole Nations ſighs to lend no pitying ear.
The day on which thy Death we firſt deplore,
Innocence was ſacred once before,
But now on thy account it ſhall be more.
To raging Grief, like ours, 'tis ſome allay
To tell the ſtory of that fatal day.
But oh! what artful Muſe can paint our fears,
Our Sighs and Vows, and our repeated Prayers,
Our Hearts with Sorrow fill'd, our Eyes with Tears?
How does the Prieſt to the throng'd Alter fly,
So *ſhe* might live, himſelf content to dye!
His trembling Pulſe its motions takes from hers,
And he *her* ſafety to his own prefers.
Art ſtands amaz'd and finds it ſelf outdone,
Apollo's ſons their want of power own.

The Souldier weeps, nor is aſham'd of Tears,
Inglorious on all accounts but hers.
Nay *William*'s ſelf, whom danger ne're could fright,
Trembles, and Shrinks, at the amazing ſight:
Undaunted *He*, the *Gallick Thunder* ſees;
Death he has vanquiſh't in all Shapes but this.
Hardy, and Fearleſs as Romances e're
Suppos'd their Heroes and their Lovers were;
He ſhakes, he ſinks, he dyes, the *Heroe* fails;
Brave tho he be, the tender part prevails.
Achilles ſo, his lov'd *Briſeis* gone,
Suſpends his Courage, and his Arms lays down.
The *Lords* now mute are grown, the *Commons* ſo,
Yet both give comfort, tho they want it too.
Cruel diſeaſe! ſtill fatal to the beſt,
To all that's fair, an enemy profeſt.
Thy rage attacks the ſeat of Beauty ſtill,
And does or rudely ſpoil, or fiercely kill:
Envy and Death combin'd, no more could do,
Here thou haſt ruin'd, and haſt murther'd too;
Here thou haſt kill'd, the *Great*, the *Good*, the *Fair*,
Her thou haſt kill'd, whom all things elſe would ſpare.
O Queen——
Does angry Heav'n and unrelenting Fate
Deſign ſome *Publick Criſis* to our State,
And did they only for thy abſence wait?
Too good in our Calamities to ſhare,
Thee, the *Deſtroying Angel* was to ſpare,
Heav'n could do nothing here, till thou waſt there.
Bleſt Saint! could'ſt thou from thy celeſtial ſeat
See the ſad face of our afflicted ſtate;
If there be room for Grief and Pity there,
The joy of thoſe glad manſions 'twou'd impair.
But oh! avert our ſad miſgiving fears,
Enough of vengeance now, enough of Tears
In loſing *Thee* alone, our guilty Nation bears.
Still may thy Piety protect our Iſle,
Thy Guardian *Genius* on thy *Heroe* ſmile.

His

His toils with Peace, his Arms with Conqueſt crown;
Inſpire his Councils, and ſecure his Throne:
And ſince this *Atlas* now alone does bear
Our Empires mighty weight-----
Unite in *Him* thoſe Hearts which thou didſt ſhare,
And with a double Duty, ſoften double care.
And pardon *Me*, who thus in humble Verſe,
Attend a Mourner at thy Royal Hearſe
Thoſe few like *Thee*, who ſo much wonder raiſe,
'Tis ſcarce more hard to imitate, than praiſe.
In vain we ſtrive thy Vertues to commend,
In vain the reſt to equal *Thee* pretend.
In *Thee*, bright excellence, was centred all
Which we or Piety, or Virtue call;
In vain, would Poetry and Fancy riſe
To ſomewhat equal to *MARIA*'s Eyes;
And Wit, and Art, their Weakneſs muſt confeſs
If they pretend her goodneſs to expreſs.
Oh! ſhe was innocent as Angels are,
Chaſt, as thoſe happy Beings, and as Fair:
Adorn'd with Princely Virtues as with Blood;
As great as Heav'n could make her and as good.
Kind to each miſerable wretches ſighs,
Not Charity had more propitious Eyes;
Oh! She gave all that miſery could crave
Scarce Heav'n it ſelf, more bountifully gave.
Hence 'tis we hear this Univerſal groan
Since the great Pattern of our Age is gone,
Sublime in Birth, in Beauty, and in State,
But more in dying *Good*, than living *Great*.

M. S.

M. S.

Mariæ magnæ Britanniæ,
Hiberniæ nec non Galliæ Reginæ
Optimæ Maximæ :
Non modo inter Reginas,
Sed & Uxores,
Sed & Fœminas præstantissimæ.
In cujus pectore, si ullibi, habitavit
Religio, Pietas, Misericordia,
Et in Aula non invisa solum
Sed inaudita, Humilitas,
Et quicquid in optimis saculis
Honestum & laude dignum audivit.
Quam pro dignitate laudare
Non possumus----- Utinam possemus !
Hanc tamen semper desiderandam,
Semper (Heu !) deflendam Anglis
Febris ardens, Eliæ instar,
(Quam extinguere non possent lachrymarum flumina)
Die nunc duplici nomine Innocentiæ sacro,
In curru flammeo ad Cœlum evexit.
Frustra, Lector, expectabis suspiria,
Frustra lachrymas,
Vulgaris indicia mœroris,
Ingentibus conficimur doloribus,
Minores loquaciores aliquando extiterunt.

FINIS.